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The Pathfinder

SEPTEMBER, 1908

Poems

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subscriptions for volume three, beginning July, 1908, are fifty cents in advance, and are taken for the complete year only. After October 1 the rate will be 75 cents; after March 1, one dollar. Foreign subscriptions are 25 cents additional.

Volume one is no longer in print. A few copies may be purchased privately. THE PATHFINDER will undertake to furnish such on request.

Of volume two there are less than a hundred copies on hand.

Unless notified to discontinue at the expiration of a subscription, it is assumed that the subscription is continued.

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor.

THE PATHFINDER

With the July number, 1908, THE PATHFINDER begins its third volume. During the year, a new series, *Old Wine to Drink*, by Mr. Allen, including Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Jonson, Lovelace, Campion and Carew, will be added; Dr. Weygandt's series will include, among others, articles on Stevenson, Housman and Newbolt; Mr. Wiley will continue his series dealing with the English Romanticists, and Mr. Rose his criticisms of art and artists. There will be special numbers devoted to Dante, Poe, etc.

THE PATHFINDER contains the following feature articles in Volume II:

1. *The Ballad of the Swineherd.* By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE.
2. *William Blake.* By EDWIN WILEY.
3. *William Blake.* (Concluded)
4. *Henry Timrod.* By G. L. SWIGGETT.
5. *The Passing of the Lion.* By JOHN G. NEIHARDT.
6. *Milton's Ode, Christ's Nativity.* By G. L. SWIGGETT.
7. *Abelard.* By F. W. ALLEN.
8. *Boccaccio.* By F. W. ALLEN.
9. *Rossetti.* By G. B. ROSE.
10. *The Enchanting Disenchanted.* By A. GUYOT CAMERON.
11. *The Three Strands.* By C. B. MITCHELL.

SUBSCRIPTION FORM

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THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

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This journal is published monthly at THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE.

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The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnells Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of THE PATHFINDER. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

The Pathfinder

Vol. III]

SEPTEMBER, 1908

[No. 3

*A DEDICATION **

(For *Fragments of Empedocles in English Verse.*)

By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

In my last winter by Atlantic seas,
How often, when the long day's task was through,
I found in nights of friendliness with you
The quiet corner of the scholar's ease,
While you explored the Orphic liturgies,
Or old Pythagoras' mystic One and Two,
Or heartened me with Plato's larger view,
Or the world-epic of Empedocles :

It cost you little ; but such things as these,
When man goes inland following his star,
When man goes inland where the strangers are,
Build him a house of goodly memories :
So take this book in token, and rejoice
That I am richer having heard your voice.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The range and quality in the poems selected from the forthcoming *Poems and Sonnets, Second Series*, of Mr. Leonard, of the English department, University of Wisconsin, are such that no introduction is needed. In them one finds the same "intellectual quality, calm indignation and sonorous simplicity of expression" which the cultured English critic, Mr. Arthur Symonds, found in the *First Series*. Few of our younger poets have greater promise.

*POEMS**By WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD**ISRAEL*

(Written for the New Immigrants' Protective League)

Singer of hymns, by Sinai who adored
 The Fire, the Trumpet, the eternal Law;
 Builder of temples, from Zion's hill who saw
 Dawn smite the heathen with Jehovah's sword;
 Exiled of nations, long for no reward
 Keeping thy Sabbaths and thy Feasts with awe;
 Victor of sorrows on a bed of straw,
 Come unto us, O Israel of the Lord!

Here, past the Gentile seas, the stars by name
 Shine with the Ages' welcome; here anew
 Thy rainbow towers; here the mountains wait.—
 Come, and then fill us with thine holy flame!—
 We have a word to speak, a work to do,
 If once, like thine, our soul be consecrate.

PRAYER

From land to land I watch my brothers pray:
 Now kneels the Mussulman in Cairo street;
 By Zion's wall the wailing Hebrews meet;
 The Buddhist turns his wheel in Mandalay;
 In Rome St. Peter's incense floats away
 In plangent music to the Judgment Seat;
 I hear New York her litanies repeat
 By Sabbath seas for sins of yesterday.

I cannot join; although I have my grief,
My sin, in fellowship with great and small,
I know not of their helplessness and fear;
But let me go, as went the Indian chief,
To some high hill, where God is all in all,
And simply say: "*Wacondah*—I am here."

IL BENDELL' INTELLETO

One evening wrought upon by loneliness
And brooding over many things that were—
My mountains and the hermit thrush and *her*
And years since then in cities of distress—
I visited in quest of mirthfulness
In crystal parlors, where on tiger skin
Stood with her white arm on her violin
A lady ever radiant to bless. . . .

But in the starlight on my still return:
"Though in my chamber but a taper burn,
Yet there the deathless music of the dead—
"Not thus," I thought, "my good I find, not thus,
Who saw the Titan bound by Aeschylus
And touched the iron crown on Dante's head."

FRAGMENT

And I am gone among the mighty dead,
And Vergil brings me myrtle for my head,
And Shelley leads me to the central fire;

But up and down the earth by moor and main
The evening scatters in the rust and rain
The unplucked roses of the dawn's desire.

THE IDEAL

(From DU BELLAY)

If this our life be briefer than a morn
In the eternal, and the years drive hence
The unreturning days without defense,
And perishable be all things ever born,
What weenest, soul, imprisoned and forlorn?—
In these bleak regions where were joy and whence—
When for thy voyaging to the bright Intense
Thou hast the wings, the lovely, the unshorn!

There is the good which each good man desires,
The rest to which the unresting world aspires,
The lyric love that wipeth every tear;
And there the soul before the great white throne
The immortal beauty shall behold and own,
Whose voice and shadow it had worshipped here.

THE SCULPTOR

I wrought unaided, save
By wind and wood and wave,
And night and Mars the red,
And poets dead.

No man from sun to sun,
Seeing me, said, "Well done;"
No woman smiled and chose
For me a rose.

But thus my arm at length
Did win a silent strength—
Thus here the statue stands
For all the lands.

RONDEAU

Du temps que j'étais belle: I dreamed of late
That you were old, Marie, and by the grate,
With book and eyelids closed, you said the rhymes
That took you back to Paris and the chimes
Of Montmorenci and the garden gate.

How old, how old, Marie: my lady sate
As wan and withered as the eldest Fate,
And crooned, "He sang to me in other times —
Du temps que j'étais belle."

And when I woke, I woke no more in hate:
I heard the oriole singing to his mate,
I saw the plumed castanias and limes,
And morn's horizon binding all the climes,
And knew no words of death more desolate —
Du temps que j'étais belle.

TINY THINGS OF SUMMER

Bumble bees with velvet tails
Down the rose's belly;
Butterflies, like tilted sails,
On the calla lily;

Hornets round the brambly cocks
Buzzing in the meadow;
Spiders by the mouldered rocks
Swinging in the shadow;

Dragon-flies, with films that flush
Like a little iris;
Grasshoppers on reed and rush
Old as old Osiris;

Caterpillars on a twig
Soft as pussy willows;
Beetles in the sand who dig
By the brooklet's billows;

Water-bugs that down the pool
Zigzag into harbor;
Fireflies amid the cool
Vines along the arbor;

All ye tiny things that spawn
For the world about you,
When the summer time is gone
We must do without you.

THE SUNDIAL

"Horas non numero nisi serenas."

A lord and lady set me here
Within their summer garden;
But they are dead for many a year
With all the mirth of Arden,
With all the mirth and gallant worth
That was the House of Arden.

I rest upon the marble cone
That long the ivy covers,
And where the ringdove used to moan
Wild bee or sunbird hovers,
And down the pathway all alone
By night come spectral lovers.

The marble basin now is sere,
Where foamed the carven fountain;
And toad and beetle, brown and queer,

Have found it good to haunt in,
But past the willows by the weir
Still looms the moorland mountain.

And touched are Arden Abbey walls
With some unnamed disaster,
And bit by bit the sandstone falls
From buttress and pilaster;
And wierd, when sunset lights the halls,
Dance elf-lute, guest and master —

When down the roofless halls the sky
Gleams red through empty arches,
The shadows seem to flit and fly
In minuets and marches —
And Arden church is yonder by
The yellow yews and larches.

And on my disk the locusts leap,
The bronze is green and broken,
The snails they come and climb and creep,
And leave their slimy token —
Yet somewhere men their harvest reap,
And somewhere words are spoken.

And still by night I dream of stars,
And still by day of flowers,
And still I wait the vanished Lars
And the eternal Powers,
And mark for me, though no man see,
Only the sunny hours.

VENUS GENETRIX

From earth's two easts, where suns forever rise
In winter, in summer, in two divided skies,
Unto the two wests, and through realms between —

Oceans and landscapes of the white and green —
Pourer of wine and whirler of the flame,
Venus Genetrix, hallowed be thy name !

Somewhere the deer on Iran's blue plateau
Bounds through the grass and takes the wildered
doe ;

The orioles coasting north from Yucatan
Met in Canadian elms when spring began ;
The purple fishes off Bermuda's shore
Beget their mottled thousands evermore :
The wild things of the land, the air, the sea,
Venus Genetrix, all have life from thee !

And man and woman, though hall or hut their place,
Meet in the night and found a mighty race !
And the old ritual of the flame and wine
Precedes the building of each tower and shrine,
Cities with masted ships and battling hosts,
Farms on the hills and beacons on the coasts ;
Precedes no less, eternal and supreme,
The hero's victory and the Poet's dream :
All that man is and all he hopes to be,
Venus Genetrix, has its life from thee !

Then if with freedom and a high intent
We still would laugh beneath the firmament,
Then if with freedom and a splendid verse
We still would magnify the universe,
Of all its powers, for glory, scope, design,
Venus Genetrix, what shall equal thine ?
O like Lucretius, girt to compass all
The broad creation to the flaming wall,
Let us first raise a pæan of the free,
Venus Genetrix, mother of life, to thee !

FROM "HATE SONNETS OF A SCHOLAR"

PREFATORY

Let no man carve upon my monument,
 Thinking to honor what he loved of me,
 When I shall rest: "He had no enemy" —
 O not to this, believe me, was I sent;
 Even as I labor with my own intent
 For sun and stars and earth's security,
 I get myself good haters — let them be:
 Carve not this slander on my monument.

"Nay," but I seem to hear my friends protest,
 Who, though for me still ready to combat,
 Are often given to untimely jest,
 "We, who have known the breed you're railing at
 And found you most yourself when angriest,
 Will spare you any pleasantry like that."

MEIN TISCHGENOSSE

That head close-cropped as bowl or cannon-ball,
 The snub-nose and the smirk of a mustache,
 The puffy cheek, seamed with a villain gash
 Got in a duel with a corporal,
 That speckled vest, the ring upon the small
 Left finger, where the ruby used to flash,
 That air of "ladies-I-possess-the-cash,"
 That tone of "gentlemen-I-know-it-all" —

My long lost enemy! — O how we'd glare
 Across the table in the dear old days,
 When cherries ripened in the German air,
 And through the window shone the summer haze,
 While Fraeulein Emma sat between us there
 And served demurely *Leberwurst* and *Kaes*'.

THE EDITOR

I met you first, when once for livelihood
I roamed Broadway, a vagrant from the boat,
A song of life for sale within my coat,
My soul on fire for all things large and good;
And there before your desk of walnut wood
With wide-spread shanks you smoked your pipe
and wrote

One of those quips the smart set love to quote,
And looking round leered at me where I stood,
A dreamer and a lover. . . . I marked your beard,
Frizzled and brown, your cold gray eyes, the tone
That meant "I rate men merely as the herd
May serve my turn—what is it?" As one reared
Among the mountains, conscious of mine own,
I bowed and went my ways without a word.

IN COLLEGE DAYS

Twelve years ago. And can hate work so long,
Through seasons of so many a star and flower,
So many a mountain day and ocean hour,
So many friends who gave me song for song?
Twelve years ago. Though life with splendors
throng,

That youth of sallow skin and visage sour—
My first encounter with the evil power—
Is still the slanderer who did me wrong.

Yet my old hate is but the poet's hate
Even for the ideal villain of the mind—
The mind alert forever to create
Its perfect type from every form it find—
The man himself could enter at my gate
Like any stranger with his dog behind.

EPILOGUE

Reading my words, where stands incorporate
For good or ill — as rough-hewn marble bust
With shadow sprawling in the workshop's dust —
Each solid visage of the souls I hate,
Whom next (I asked myself) to contemplate,
From sombre memories of old disgust?
But these were all; and beautiful and just
Rose in the soul of me my good and great.

Indeed, what men and women have I known
In my long journeys for the truth of things!
What sweet musicians and what bards full-grown,
What sturdy husbandmen at harvestings! —
And city by city with a voice its own
Hailing the sunrise and the King of Kings!

*LILITH AND EVE*

By JAMES BRANNIN

Lilith, the subtle-soft,
Is mother of all who sleep;
Eve, of the wingèd soul,
Is mother of those that weep.

Lilith to Adam was sweet,
Sweet as the wild-rose flower;
And Eve brought shame and sin
And the stricken heart for dower.

And ever with silent eyes
Wander the sons of sleep;
And ever with souls of fire,
Eve's children love and weep.

*IK MARVEL**By* JULIAN PARK

A definitive edition of "Ik Marvel" at last! Simultaneously with the publication of a new edition of Henry James, the publishers are putting forth, it may be as an anti-climax, the fifteen volumes that stand to the credit of Donald Grant Mitchell, and a handsome set it is. It was my privilege to come across a specially autographed copy; there, struggling across the page, ran the signature of an old, old man, not an even writer, not always a scholarly writer: far from immortal, but yet the dean of American letters.

"Ik Marvel," with Howells and Mark Twain, is the oldest, as he is the last, of the old guard. Contemporaneously with Irving's *Sketch Book* appeared the first book by this young man of twenty-three, with title of *Fresh Gleanings: or, A Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe*. It was the old story, the impressionable young writer had to describe his first trip abroad or feel that his literary career had not begun under the proper auspices. But with that off his mind, "Ik Marvel" felt free to devote himself to that natural and unrestricted life of which

Thoreau is popularly considered the most strenuous devotee.

In 1841 Mitchell had graduated from Yale, and ten years afterward bought a farm near New Haven, the name of which has become a household word in connection with whatever is peculiar intimate and personal in American letters. Written from Edgewood, *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life* speedily took their place with the *Autocrat*, with *Walden*, with those few books in our literature which are firmly grounded in the sympathies of generations. That the *Reveries* has really been what its sub-title called it, "a book of the heart," is the testimony of the surest witness, time. And the additional verdict has been that the half-century at the beginning of which this book alone established Mitchell in his place, has been filled with a succession of volumes of very much the same essential qualities—human sympathy, healthy and manly sentiment in the best sense of a much abused word, and a growing ripeness of thought and scholarship.

What, then, is the nature of this work—is it all dreamy and sentimental? Much of it, to be sure, is sentiment, but that it is purely manly and wholesome is proved by the fact that Mitchell's appeal is primarily to young men, even though

they may be hardly able to appreciate the finer qualities of his works. These finer qualities, indeed, it requires no small amount of culture to appreciate, and when you find a true Marvelian you may depend on also finding a foundation of good reading and culture, and a development of the literary sense.

One reason why Mitchell is admired, and, one may say, loved by the young is because he is really the champion of young manhood, the true laureate of youth. He asserts the right of youth to be young, and even to be foolish—as the old count foolishness; just as the old have the right to be old and to be wise—as the old count wisdom. The reveries of his old school days are filled with such bits of homely philosophy as this: “A scholar by the name of Tom Belton, who wore linsey gray, made a dam across the little brook by the school, and whittled out a saw-mill that actually sawed: he had genius. I expected to see him before now at the head of American mechanics, but I learn with pain that he is keeping a grocery store.”

That was sixty years ago, you remember, and when a Connecticut farmer jotted down such an observation, and did not seem to care much whether it stood in proper relation to passages of

meaning hidden in mazes of deep thinking, or in the next paragraph to this piece of description—"Above me are sailing clouds, or the blue vault which we call, with childish licence, heaven; the sails, white and full, like helping friends, are pushing me on"—when, we say a young writer was as careless of proportion as that, there was hardly a critic, in the days before the war, to predict for this "Ik Marvel" any sort of lasting popularity.

After striking these few preliminary chords, let us turn to the facts of his life, uneventful as it was. We have seen that, born in 1822, he entered Yale in 1837; after being duly graduated he went to Europe and there collected in one notebook the material for his first book, which was published in 1847. His next two books are the ones which we have been discussing, and on which his literary reputation so largely rests. The cares of the farm now occupied him, and it was not till shortly before the war that he was again heard from, this time with a novel, *Dr. Johns*, an uneventful recital of the life of a Connecticut minister. His next attempt at fiction was a group of seven short stories, one of them, with the curious title of *Fudge Doings*, being translated into French with the inscription

Aventures de la Famille Doings. With these not altogether satisfactory attempts at fiction, he again concluded to labor in that one field which he can call his own, and in 1856 issued from Edgewood, the first of a series describing the joys of a life in the country, with an old-fashioned mixture of philosophy and anecdote. A typical gentleman farmer in democracy and refinement, Mr. Mitchell has only left Edgewood for occasional pilgrimages to swap yarns with his neighbor Mark Twain, or to cheer the old age of those two friends of his, the poets Aldrich and Stedman—companions who have so often expressed his own sentiments, and have more than once succeeded in clothing them in language surpassing their senior's. Both have left him within the year, but "Ik Marvel" grows younger in spirit even as his step falters and his hand trembles; for he is the first to realize that he is long past the allotted threescore years and ten;—but he is the last to dread the end.

We have seen that Mr. Mitchell's field is peculiarly his own: he had no predecessors, and has had few imitators, for a little revery is a dangerous thing—a truth which those who have tried their hand at his art, have speedily

realized. Much of his contemplative spirit, and hence much of his popularity, is due to the soul of the man himself, to that personal force which no analysis of character can explain. Moreover, it has always seemed to me that, more than in any other thoughtful writer of the century, his mind is the natural outgrowth, and his homely criticisms, the natural expression, of the typical New England environment and tradition; and this foundation in the past gives a strength and convincing force to his words that lesser writers of the same stamp utterly lack. Mere description is, after all, a form of literature cheap enough; and too much curiosity of detail is sure to exert a discouraging influence on the contemplation of human nature. None of his writing is the mere record of analysis or even of mere observation. It is a constant reproach to the prying, analytic methods of the French school, for instance, to see the reverence of this sympathetic, great-hearted observer before the god-head which he so exactly and yet so generously, studies. Even if, as is recognized, Mitchell's creative genius is less than that of the writers of the same school to whom he may be compared—George William Curtis, Hazlitt, or even Lamb, still I cannot but think that his

attitude toward human nature is just as satisfying, because it is occasionally more wholesome, often more contemplative, nearly always as true to life.

What a gentle, optimistic, all too rare a life it is that this student of human nature leads! The very thought of him,—faring quietly about his meadow-lands, poking around among all sorts of queer people who imagine him, and not mistakenly, to be simply one of themselves, living his long life in a sober and temperate joy, and peering everywhere for the same qualities, among simple, homekeeping folk,—brings with it a high inspiration. But of necessity, every man has the defects of his own qualities, and the very success of Mr. Mitchell's early efforts seems to have prevented his reaching out into a broader field. He seems unfortunately fearful at trying his hand at any thing which might not co-ordinate with the *Reveries*, and hence, for his very timidity, he cannot be termed, as a writer, broad-minded. There are certain segments of literature, and even some of life, that Mr. Mitchell has utterly neglected. Toward art, music, and the drama, he reveals little inclination. He cultivates to best advantage ground that can be cut into definite allotments, and upon the ground

that is alien to human nature he has yet to set foot.

It is because we see in Mr. Mitchell's sketches that his particular sort of craftsmanship has reached its highest development — on that account we have paid this writer homage that may seem to many greater than he deserves. On his limitations we have already touched. If you ask to reconcile his narrow-mindedness and his lack of any erudition — which charms the simple minded as it repels the pedantic, — with that other aspect which has placed him at the head of his American contemporaries, why try to reconcile them at all? It depends on the reader, and on the reader's changing moods. When he is in the mood to look soberly into the face of life, then "Ik Marvel's" frivolity may repel him; but when the reader feels the necessity — which comes always — for smiling and for quaint fancy, then he gladly acknowledges Mr. Mitchell singularly gifted. For he recognizes the latter mood to be on the whole wiser, as it is safer and saner.

And so we have had our glimpse of the sage of Edgewood. We are ready to apply to him the words of Emerson at Thoreau's funeral — the Concord philosopher who said of the hermit

—
of Walden, in tender words of consecration—of greater worth than the heaped-up praises of a biographer: "Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, there he will find a home."



A SOUTHERN FOREST ROAD

By CLINTON SCOLLARD

Sand, and the girdling silence save the note
Of some sequestered bird; no single sign
Of human presence but this tortuous line,—
This path that penetrates to wastes remote;
Vast aisles of pines from whose broad branches float
Streamers of moss against a sky divine
With swimming sapphire; air like languorous wine,
Foe to hot haste, and wan care's antidote.

If you dare follow, soothly, who can say
What forest magicry you may surprise
Where the green windings in a glade expand!—
Vivien the sorceress, Morgan le Fay,
May work their spells before your startled eyes,
Or Merlin strayed from deep Broceliande!

Recent Publications

EDWIN GEORGE PINKHAM.—*Fate's a Fiddler*. A novel of more than passing interest. While the situations are slightly overdrawn at times, the style has something of the flavor of the English masters of the nineteenth century. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1908.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS and J. COMYNS CARR.—*Faust*. Many of the difficulties of Goethe's dramatic poem as an acting play are overcome in this masterly poetic adaptation. No finer work has come from the pen of Mr. Phillips. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

GENE STRATTON-PORTER.—*At the Foot of the Rainbow*. There is the very breath of earth, sky and water in this elemental tale of the devoted trapper friends on the Wabash. Its homely realism is softened by exquisite flashes of soul and nature beauty. Color illustrations by Kemp. New York: The Outing Publishing Co. 1907.

JOHN HARRINGTON EDWARDS.—*God and Music*. In a series of exceedingly interesting chapters, replete with literary and scientific anecdote and illustration, the writer discusses in a pleasing but naïve manner, the revelation of God through music and the necessary development of the latter by man. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1907.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.—*Stories New and Old*. The general introduction on the short story and the little prefaces to each story, from Austin's *Peter Rugg*, the *Missing Man*, to Wister's *The Game and the Nation*, are in the editor's best manner. An unusually good selection of short tales. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1908.

GEORGE P. UPTON.—*The Standard Concert Guide*. An indispensable book to the lover of concert music. Within the range of a rather small book, the author discusses in a pleasing, untechnical manner the principal

symphonies, oratorios, etc. The volume contains over fifty portrait illustrations. In the appendix is given a list of the prominent musical organizations of the United States. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1908.

IRVING BABBITT.—*Literature and the American College*. Several of the chapters in this earnest study have appeared elsewhere. The added ones have given the writer the opportunity to restate with greater vigor and unity his criticism of certain well-meant, but undeniably harmful tendencies in American life and education. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

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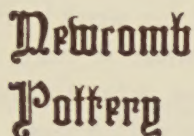
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